

# **HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE**

(Steven Foster)

LET US [D] PAUSE IN LIFE'S PLEASURES  
AND [A] COUNT ITS MANY [D] TEARS,  
[G] WHILE WE [D] ALL SUP [A] SORROW WITH THE [D] POOR;  
THERE'S A [D] SONG THAT WILL LINGER  
FOR- [A] EVER IN OUR [Bm] EARS:  
[G] OH [D] HARD TIMES [A] COME AGAIN NO [D] MORE.

*'TIS THE (D) SONG, THE SIGH OF THE (G)WEA- (D) RY,  
(D) HARD TIMES, (G) HARD (D) TIMES, COME AGAIN NO (A) MORE ...  
MANY (D) DAYS YOU HAVE LINGERED  
A- (A) ROUND MY CABIN (Bm) DOOR;  
(G) OH ... (D) HARD TIMES (A) COME AGAIN NO (G - D) MORE.*

THERE'S A PALE DROOPING MAIDEN  
WHO TOILS HER LIFE AWAY,  
WITH A WORN HEART WHOSE BETTER DAYS ARE O'ER:  
THOUGH HER VOICE WOULD BE MERRY  
'TIS SIGHING ALL THE DAY  
OH HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE!

WHILE WE SEEK MIRTH AND BEAUTY  
AND MUSIC LIGHT AND GAY,  
THERE ARE FRAIL FORMS FAINTING AT THE DOOR;  
THOUGH THEIR VOICES ARE SILENT  
THEIR PLEADING LOOKS WILL SAY:  
OH HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE!

'TIS A SIGH THAT IS WAFTED  
ACROSS THE TROUBLED WAVE  
'TIS A WAIL THAT IS HEARD UPON THE SHORE  
'TIS A DIRGE THAT IS MURMURED  
AROUND THE LOWLY GRAVE:  
OH HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE!